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EDITED BY

JOHN G. CROMWELL, M.A.

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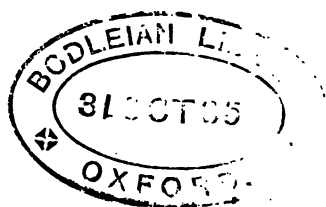
FOR
PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

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FIRST BOOK.—PART I.

LONDON:
GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32 FLEET STREET;
LIVERPOOL: CAXTON BUILDINGS, SOUTH JOHN STREET, AND
49 & 51 SOUTH CASTLE STREET.
1874.

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PREFACE.

It has been the aim of the Editor to admit into this Book no word beyond the comprehension of a very young scholar. The great majority of the words are of one syllable only, and free from any great irregularity of spelling. Some dissyllables of regular formation have been admitted upon the ground, that many common words of two syllables are in reality much easier for a child to read and to spell than are many monosyllables.

The Teacher is requested to continue to employ the same system in the use of this Book as was recommended in the Primer, as far as circumstances will permit. All the words at the head of each Lesson should be *written* by the children, as the most useful method for teaching them both to read and to spell. By this method we call into play two important faculties—observation and imitation—both of them remarkably strong in children; we give them something to do with their little fingers for themselves, and we also accustom them to the early use of those two members, the eye and the hand, which are most needed for all the occupations of life.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Alphabet—Capitals and Small Letters, . . .	6
1. The Lady and the Robin,	8
2. The Wren,	10
3. The Garden,	12
4. The Sea,	14
5. Play Song,	16
6. Games,	18
7. The Fox and the Cubs,	20
8. The Fox and the Cubs (<i>continued</i>),	22
9. Pussy Cat,	24
10. The Lark and her Little Ones,	26
11. The Lark and her Little Ones (<i>continued</i>),	28
12. Little Boy Blue,	30
13. The Cuckoo,	32
14. The Cuckoo (<i>continued</i>),	34
15. The Little Cuckoo,	36
16. The Return Home,	38
17. The Sharp Boy and the Stupid Boy,	40
18. The Sharp Boy and the Stupid Boy (<i>continued</i>),	42
19. Our Father's Name of Love,	44
20. Our Father's Name of Love (<i>continued</i>),	46
21. The Pear-Tree,	48
22. The Pear-Tree (<i>continued</i>),	50

	PAGE
23. The Horse,	52
24. The Horse (<i>continued</i>),	54
25. The Cow,	56
26. The Cow (<i>continued</i>),	58
27. The Apple-Tree,	60
28. Obedience,	62
29. Love your Brother,	64
30. Love your Brother (<i>continued</i>),	66
31. The Rose,	68
32. The Bees,	70
33. The Bees (<i>continued</i>),	72
34. The Swan,	74
35. The Little Dog,	76
36. The Swallow,	78
37. The Robin,	80
38. The Sick Man and the Sparrow,	82
39. The Sick Man and the Sparrow (<i>continued</i>),	84
40. Morning,	86
41. Evening,	88
42. The Little Beggars,	90
43. The Raven and the Dog,	92
44. The Owls and their Little One,	94

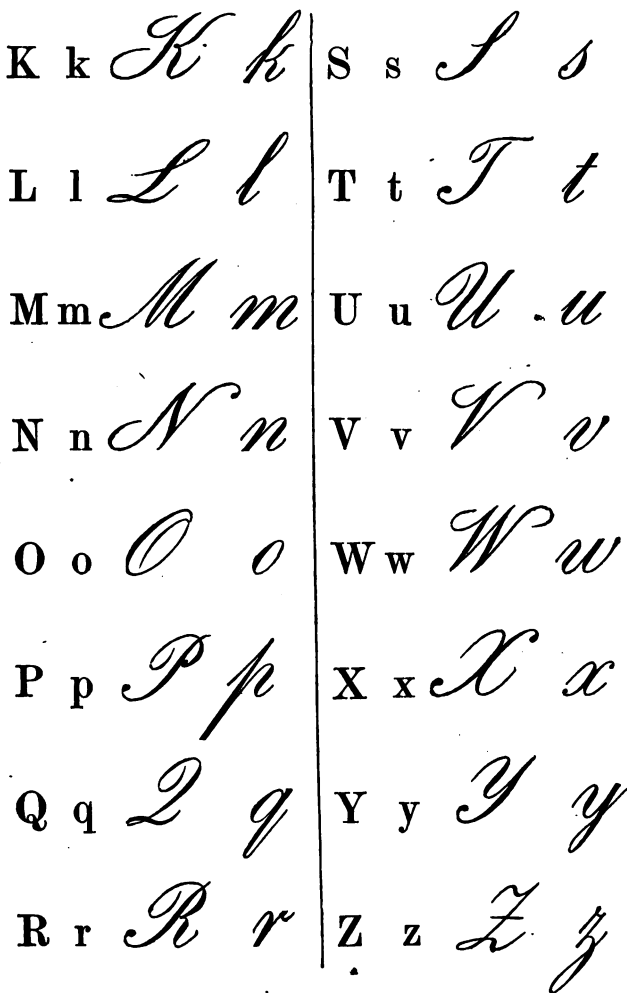
FIRST BOOK.



ALPHABET.

CAPITALS AND SMALL LETTERS.

A a	<i>A a</i>	F f	<i>F f</i>
B b	<i>B b</i>	G g	<i>G g</i>
C c	<i>C c</i>	H h	<i>H h</i>
D d	<i>D d</i>	I i	<i>I i</i>
E e	<i>E e</i>	J j	<i>J j</i>



la-dy

la-dy

cage

cage

knew

knew

snow

snow

nuts

nuts

tri-ed

tri-ed

gar-den

gar-den

sum-mer

sum-mer

rob-in

rob-in

win-ter

win-ter

1. THE LADY AND THE ROBIN.

A la-dy once tri-ed hard to tame a rob-in and she did it. She did not shut him up in a cage. She was too fond of him for that. She let him stay out in the gar-den with his mate. But the rob-in knew the la-dy ve-ry well. He was ve-ry glad to see her in the gar-den. He us-ed to wait for her at the door. When she came out he would hop near her and look in her face. Then she fed him. He was fond of nuts, and would take bits of nut from her lips.

In the win-ter the rob-in was ve-ry tame. In the sum-mer he went a-way. When the cold and the snow came the la-dy be-gan to look out for her pet. She was sure then to see him soon.

wren bu-sy fear

wren

bu-sy

fear

snug soft bold

snug

soft

bold

ti-ny book peck

ti-ny

book

peck

warm mer-ry

warm

mer-ry

want-ed spots

want-ed

spots

2. THE WREN.

The wren is a ti-ny bird, but it is a bold one too. It is not at all shy. Oh no! And it is so bu-sy and so mer-ry. You may see it hopp-ing a-bout you, as if it had no fear of you at all.

Once a la-dy sat in her gar-den with a book in her hand. She wore a mus-lin gown with a gay spot up-on it. A wren came up. It want-ed to know what the spots were. It came more and more near to the la-dy. The la-dy did not move at all. At last the ti-ny bird gave a peck at one of the gay spots.

The wren has a ve-ry nice snug nest. It is so soft and warm. The wren will lay as many as ten eggs in it. By and by how full the nest will be of ti-ny birds!

Jim hoe weed

Jim

hoe

weed

rake rain rose

rake

rain

rose

pink sweet work

pink

sweet

work

car-rot bet-ter

car-rot

bet-ter

neat tu-lips

neat

tu-lips

3. THE GARDEN.

Let us go and work in the gar-den. Will you come, Jim? Yes, I will come at once. How much we have to do in it! This weed and that weed to pull up, and all the beds to make neat and ti-dy.

You may have the rake, Jim, and I will have the hoe. Ned, will you weed the car-rot bed? Yes, to be sure. I like to help you.

The rain we have had was ve-ry good for the gar-den. We can weed bet-ter now. The gar-den will look neat and nice when we have done our work.

Look at that fine rose. How sweet it is! Here is a pink. And oh, what a gay bed of tu-lips!

firm rock lit-tle

firm

rock

lit-tle

sail tide sand

sail

tide

sand

high boat pool

high

boat

pool

fish roar walk

fish

roar

walk

left wa-ter crab

left

wa-ter

crab

4. THE SEA.

Come and walk with me on the firm sand by the sea. It is firm and hard now. We can walk on it very well. I love to walk by the sea and hear its roar.

What a high rock that is! Can we get to the top of it? You may try, Jim, but it is too high for me. Yes, I can do it. Here I am at the top.

How blue the sea is on that side! Here it is grey. Look at that lit-tle boat. Two men are in it and a boy. That boat on the left hand has a sail. How fast it goes! May we go in a boat? Yes, we will some day.

Do you see that pool of wa-ter left by the tide? Ah! here is a ti-ny fish in it, and here is a crab. Do let me take them both home.

mer-ry *sing-ing*

mer-ry

sing-ing

be-gun *mer-ri-ly*

be-gun

mer-ri-ly

fol-low *ground*

fol-low

ground

play *dance* *band*

play

dance

band

hall *glee* *work*

hall

glee

work

5. PLAY SONG.

Let us go, to and fro,
In a mer-ry, mer-ry row ;
One and all, hear my call,
Fol-low me into the hall.
See we all go round and round,
Do not look up-on the ground ;
Fol-low me, full of glee.
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

Work is done, play be-gun,
We will have a bit of fun ;
Dance a-way, run and play,
On this hap-py, hap-py day.
Hold-ing fast each o-ther's hand,
Are we not a mer-ry band ?
Fol-low me, full of glee,
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

*game**cor-ner*

game

cor-ner

*seek**Rose**ball*

seek

Rose

ball

*know**un-der*

know

un-der

*E-va**oak**good*

E-va

oak

good

*back**hide**Dick*

back

hide

Dick

6. GAMES.

What game will you play at? Let us play at ball. I have a nice new ball. Look at it. Is it not a good ball? It is red and blue. I will toss it to you and you must toss it back to me.

Now we will play at hide and seek. Let Jim hide. Tom and Dick, Rose and E-va will seek for him. Jim will give us a long hunt I know. He is sure to hide in some odd corner. Is he here? Ah! I have got him at last. He was in the old oak tree all the time.

Let us have a game at trap and ball. Rose and E-va may look on. They can sit un-der the tree. Hark! what do I hear? It is the bell for tea. Now we must all run in as fast as we can.

cave duck di-ed

cave

duck

di-ed

qui-et hare paid

qui-et

hare

paid

noise snug food

noise

snug

food

clap-ped once

clap-ped

once

7. THE FOX AND THE CUBS.

Where does the fox live? In a cave under the rocks at the top

of the hill. He has a snug little home of his own below a big rock. The she-fox lives in it as well and her two cubs. When all is quiet the old fox goes out and gets them food. One day he got them a hen, and one day a duck. They had a hare for dinner once, and once a rabbit.

This fox paid a visit to our farm yard and took away a poor old hen. The hen made a noise, and Tom ran up. He clapped his hands, gave a loud cry, and went after the fox. The fox let the hen go and ran off to the hill. Tom picked up the poor hen. He took her home and put her by the fire. But it was of no use. She died very soon.

nev-er *a-bout*

nev-er

a-bout

green *view* *hush*

green

view

hush

a-gain *soon* *turf*

a-gain

soon

turf

be-low *ly-ing*

be-low

ly-ing

gent-ly *look-ed*

gent-ly

look-ed

8. THE FOX AND THE CUBS.

(Continued.)

I have nev-er seen that sly old fox, but I did once see the cubs. It was a fine day in May. A lit-tle girl call-ed A-my came to stay with me, and I took her to the rocks to see the view. A-my got to the top of a high rock and look-ed all a-bout her. At last I saw her fix her eyes on a bit of green turf be-low one of the rocks. She put up her hand and said, "Hush!" I went up very gent-ly. "Look! look!" she said. And when I look-ed I saw two fine fat fox cubs ly-ing in the sun. They did not see us, but soon they got up and ran off. Then A-my and I went home. We nev-er saw those lit-tle cubs a-gain.

puss-y queen chair

puss-y queen chair

snow where drest

snow where drest

hunt-ed trot-ting

hunt-ed trot-ting

Lon-don vel-vet

Lon-don vel-vet

mouse vest frost

mouse vest frost

9. PUSSY CAT.

Puss-y cat, puss-y cat, where have
you been ?

I've been to London to see the
new Queen.

Puss-y cat, puss-y cat, what did
you there ?

Hunt-ed a lit-tle mouse under the
chair.

Puss-y cat, puss-y cat, how did
you go ?

Trot-ting a-long in the frost and
the snow.

Puss-y cat, puss-y cat, how were
you drest ?

In my warm vel-vet coat and my
little white vest.

How odd it must have been to
see Puss-y on her way to Lon-
don ! I wish I had met her.

lark eggs gold

lark

eggs

gold

heads field birds

heads

field

birds

grew laid fuss

grew

laid

fuss

their reap turn-ed

their

reap

turn-ed

10. THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES.

A lark made her nest in a field of corn. She laid five eggs in it.

By and by out of the eggs came five lit-tle birds.

When the lark be-gan to make her nest the corn was low and green. But it grew day by day, and at last tall ears shot up and held up their heads to the sky. Then the green turn-ed to pale gold ; the corn got ripe.

One day when the lark came home her lit-tle ones were all in a fuss. "What is the matter?" said she. "O mo-ther dear," they said, "Farm-er Lee has been here, and this is what he said to his son, 'This corn is ripe and fit to be cut. Go and ask Mr Maun and Mr West to help us reap.' So do take us a-way at once. Take us a-way, else they will come and kill us all. Pray, pray do." "Nev-er mind," said she, "they will not come yet."

son

son

must

must

wise lose move

wise

lose

move

aft-er un-cle

aft-er

un-cle

more be-gin

more

be-gin

11. THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES.

(Continued.)

The next day when the lark came home her little ones were in a

fuss. "O mo-ther dear," they said, "take us a-way. Farm-er Lee has been here a-gain, and this is what he said to his son, 'This corn must be cut. Go and ask Un-cle Tom and Un-cle Ned to help us reap.' So do take us a-way now, dear mo-ther." "Nev-er mind," said she, "they will not come yet."

The day aft-er, when the lark came home, her lit-tle ones were in a fuss a-gain. "O mo-ther dear," they said, "pray take us a-way. Farm-er Lee has been here once more, and this is what he said to his son, 'We must lose no more time. I see you and I must cut the corn.' " "Ah," said the wise old bird, "did he say that? Then we must move this ve-ry day." So they did, and it was just in time.

mead-ow hay-cock

mead-ow

hay-cock

Tray

i-dle

Tray

i-dle

sheep drive crook

sheep

drive

crook

fel-low in-deed

fel-low

in-deed

a-wake

forget

a-wake

for-get

12. LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Lit-tle boy Blue, come blow your
horn,

There 's the sheep in the mead-ow,
the cow in the corn,

And is this the way you mind
your sheep,

Un-der the hay-cock fast a-sleep ?

Fie on you, fie on you, lit-tle boy
Blue,

And fie on dog Tray who is fast
a-sleep too !

Come pick up your crook and
blow your horn,

And drive the old cow from the
field of corn.

What do you say of lit-tle boy
Blue ? Was he not an i-dle fel-
low to for-get his work and go to
sleep ? Yes, he was. I hope
he will keep a-wake next time.

ear-ly

ear-ly

o-ther

o-ther

coo-ing

coo-ing

win-ter

win-ter

cuck-oo hum-ming

cuck-oo

hum-ming

lin-net

lin-net

*sing-ing*sing-ing

13. THE CUCKOO.

It is a fine day. The lark and the lin-net are sing-ing as loud as

they can. So are ma-ny o-ther lit-tle birds. The dove is coo-ing. The bee is hum-ming. But I miss one note that I love so well. I do not hear the cuck-oo.

We are in A-pril now, so the cuck-oo must soon come. We may look for him a-ny day. He will come soon from the warm land where he has pass-ed the win-ter. He nev-er stays here for the win-ter. He does not like the snow and the cold. But as it gets warm a-gain he will come back. Hark! I hear him now. Oh! how glad I am to hear his note. Cuck-oo! cuck-oo! Now we know that win-ter has gone a-way.

Sweet it is in ear-ly Spring
When we hear the cuck-oo
sing.

Au-gust spar-row

Au-gust

spar-row

chan-ges wag-tail

chan-ges

wag-tail

lit-tle

lit-tle

Ju-ly

Ju-ly

makes

makes

rear

rear

nest

nest

a-way

a-way

14. THE CUCKOO.

(Continued.)

Cuck-ooos do not stay with us long. They come o-ver the sea in A-pril. They go back in Ju-ly or Au-gust. We say of the cuck-oo

In A-pril he opes his bill,
In May he sings all day,
In June he chan-ges his tune,
In Ju-ly a-way he flies,
In Au-gust go he must.

So the cuck-ooos have not time to make a nest and rear the lit-tle ones like o-ther birds. What do they do then? They have a way of their own. It is this. The cuck-oo makes no nest at all. She lays her egg in the nest of a spar-row or a wag-tail. What do you say to that? Is she not an i-dle bird?

big-ger spar-row

big-ger

spar-row

wag-tail kill-ed

wag-tail

kill-ed

a-like edge o-pen

a-like

edge

o-pen

feeds young grow

feeds

young

grow

15. THE LITTLE CUCKOO.

The mo-ther spar-row or wag-tail
does not know of the new egg in

her nest. She sits on it as well as on her own. By and by a young cuck-oo is in her nest with her own lit-tle birds. The cuck-oo is big-ger than they are, but she takes no no-tice of that. She is good to them all. She feeds them all a-like and co-vers them with her soft wings. At last the cuck-oo gets so big that he wants more room. What does he do then? He turns the o-ther birds one by one out of the nest. They fall o-ver the edge of the nest and are kill-ed.

Now the cuck-oo has all the nest to him-self and all the food that the old bird gets. How fast he will grow! How fat he will get! He will soon be a big bird, and then he will fly far a-way.

three sev-en cloth

three

seven

cloth

fa-ther sup-per

fa-ther

sup-per

bro-ther blow

bro-ther

blow

lit-ter ket-tle

lit-ter

ket-tle

16. THE RETURN HOME.

One, two, three, four,
Go to the door ;

Five, six, seven, eight,
Run to the gate,
For fa-ther and bro-ther
Are out ve-ry late.

What can make them so late?
They are at work to-day a long
way off. They will come home
so tired and wet. We must get
the room nice and ti-dy be-fore
they come. Put that lit-ter away.
Stir the fire and make it burn
well. Dust the ta-ble. Lay the
cloth for supper.

Now, put on the ket-tle and
blow the fire to make it boil.
Fa-ther is sure to like a cup of
nice hot tea aft-er his long walk.
Get some beer for Tom. That
is what he will like. Hark! I
hear the gate o-pen. See, here
they come!

sharp

sharp

stones

stones

clev-er

clev-er

val-ue

val-ue

out-side

out-side

peo-ple

peo-ple

him-self

him-self

*a-sleep*a-sleep

17. THE SHARP BOY AND THE
STU-PID BOY.

What kind of boy is Jim?
Sharp and clev-er. He sees all
that goes on. He can tell the

value of what he sees. People call him a clever fellow. They say he is sure to get on.

What kind of boy is Tom? Dull and stupid. He looks half asleep. He does not make much use of his eyes. He does not see all that goes on. He does not find out the value of what he sees.

One day the man who lived next door gave the two boys some ripe plums off his plum tree. "Look here," said Jim to Tom, "look what nice plums! They are for you and me—we are to divide them. Will you have the inside part if I have the outside part?" "Very well," said poor Tom. So Jim ate all the plums himself, and gave Tom the stones from the inside of them.

same mind shall

same

mind

shall

shells

serve

shells

serve

mind kind pi-ty

mind

kind

pi-ty

di-vide

smile-d

di-vide

smile-d

18. THE SHARP BOY AND THE
STUPID BOY.

(Continued.)

The next week the same man
gave the two boys a bag of nuts.

"Here, take them," said he to Jim, "and di-vide them with Tom." "Yes, to be sure," said Jim, and he ran to look for Tom.

When Tom saw the bag of nuts he said to Jim, "Now, mind you do not serve me as you did last week. I did not like what I got at all. I will have the out-side part this time, and you may have the in-side. Jim smile-d and said, "Very well, you shall have just what you ask for, but mind it is your own do-ing." So Jim ate all the nuts and gave the shells to Tom.

Jim may have been a clev-er boy, but he was not kind. He was hard up-on poor Tom. He did not feel for him at all or pity him.

child teach works

child

teach

works

pic-ture flow-ers

pic-ture

flow-ers

rain-bow writ-ten

rain-bow

writ-ten

show-ers be-low

show-ers

be-low

pret-ty sound

pret-ty

sound

19. OUR FATHER'S NAME OF LOVE.

A little child may know
Our Fa-ther's name of Love,
'Tis writ-ten on the earth be-low
And on the sky a-bove.

A-round me when I look
His works of love I see ;
This world is like a pic-ture book
To teach His name to me.

The pret-ty lit-tle flow-ers
With-in our gar-den bound,
The rain-bow and the soft spring
show-ers,
And every gay glad sound.

And every liv-ing thing
So hap-py in the light,
The lit-tle birds that sweet-ly
sing,
The moon that shines by night.

sky wide giv-en

sky wide giv-en

great earth a-bout

great earth a-bout

world bi-ble

world bi-ble

20. OUR FATHER'S NAME OF LOVE.

(Continued.)

And every ti-ny star,
Set in the deep blue sky,
All tell us that our God is love,
And tell us He is nigh.

God has giv-en us a book a-bout Him-self call-ed the Bi-ble. But we do not all know how to read it.

So He has giv-en us a book that all can read. It is a-bout Him-self too. This book is the world we live in.

The blue sky is a page of this book.

The green earth is a page of this book.

The great and wide sea is a page of this book.

In earth and sky and sea we read that God is love.

And we read, too, that He is near us ; that He is not far from a-ny one of us.

bare roots wake

bare

roots

wake

leaves shine fresh

leaves

shine

fresh

foot o-pen day

foot

o-pen

day

win-ter a-sleep

win-ter

a-sleep

21. THE PEAR-TREE.

It is win-ter. How cold it is to day! Look at the old pear-tree. It has not one leaf left

up-on it. No. They fell off long a-go. They are all ly-ing at the foot of the tree. How bare the poor tree is! It looks as if it were dead.

Is it dead? Oh no! It is on-ly a-sleep. It has gone to sleep for the win-ter. When it feels the warm sun a-gain it will wake up. The sap will be-gin to rise from the roots. The old tree will come to life once more.

Come here by and by and take a look at the pear-tree. You will find it full of buds, ti-ny hard buds. And the sun will shine on them, and the rain will fall, and the buds will grow bigg-er and bigg-er. At last they will o-pen out into leaves. Then the old tree will look green and fresh.

white pears size

white

pears

size

blos-soms use

blos-soms

use

snow could ripe

snow

could

ripe

en-joy lar-ger

en-joy

lar-ger

22. THE PEAR-TREE.

(Continued.)

But the buds on the pear-tree
are not all a-like. Some of them
do not turn to leaves, but to

white blos-soms. When the blos-soms are out they make the tree look as white as snow.

Do they stay long upon the tree? No, they fade and drop off one by one. But see what are left on the tree! Pears, ti-ny pears. They are of no use now. They are no bigger than a pea. But they will grow larger and larger each day that goes by. A good many will drop off. If all got ripe the tree could not hold them all. But many will be left on the tree. Many will grow to their full size. They will get soft and ripe. In time our pear-tree will be full of fine ripe pears.

Come and see it then. Pick the pears off it, eat and en-joy them.

horse on-ly cake

horse

on-ly

cake

Spot mane tail

Spot

mane

tail

fore-head black

fore-head

black

wag-gon use-ful

wag-gon

use-ful

23. THE HORSE.

What is the name of your horse? We call him Spot. Why did you give him that name? Can-not you tell? Do

.

you not see that he has a white spot on his fore-head? Oh yes, I see.

Spot is a bay horse. His mane is black, so is his long tail. His feet are black too, and he has on-ly that one white spot a-bout him.

How gen-tle he is! He lets me pat him. I will give him this bit of cake. See him take it from my hand. We are kind to him, and so he is good to us. He loves us. He does not fear us at all. I will pick some long grass for him. Poor old fellow! Poor Spot!

He is very use-ful to us. He will draw hay and corn in the wag-gon. He will draw a load of coals from the town. He will take my father a-bout in his trap.

grass morn-ing

grass

morn-ing

sum-mer bran

sum-mer

bran

even-ing hap-py

even-ing

hap-py

dirt clean fresh

dirt

clean

fresh

24. THE HORSE.

(Continued.)

Where does Spot live? He is
out at grass all the sum-mer.
He then lives in the field by day

and by night. He is very happy in the field. We keep him in a nice dry stable all the winter. He is kept very clean. When he comes in from work we rub him down well and wash his feet. My father says that dirt is very bad for him.

What do you give Spot to eat? In summer he eats the nice grass that he finds in the field. In the winter we give him hay and corn. He has fresh water in the morning and in the evening. I like to give him a carrot now and then. He likes carrots, and my father says they make his coat shine. When Spot has been out late in the cold and wet we give him a warm bran mash. We find it does him good. He is very glad of it.

whether use-ful

whether

use-ful

bread quite o-pen

bread

quite

o-pen

milks sweet cream

milks

sweet

cream

think

black

think

black

25. THE COW.

Come boys, come girls, come to
me now,

And let us talk a-bout the cow :

The cow is use-ful, live or dead,

Whether her coat is black or red.

When Sal-ly milks her morn and
night
She gives us milk both fresh and
white ;
Nice milk which all of us must
think
Is very sweet and good to drink.

Pour out the milk in o-pen dish,
Comes to the top the cream so
rich ;
Pour out the cream in-to the
churn
And it will soon to but-ter turn.

Or if you make it in-to curd,
To cheese it comes as we have
heard,
Nice cheese that with our bread
we eat—
Bread, cheese, and beer are quite
a treat.

roast

roast

board

board

horns

horns

combs

combs

ought

ought

sheep

sheep

horses

horses

an-gry

an-gry

26. THE COW.

(Continued.)


Fat the cow well and beef we get,
Roast beef up-on our board to set;

While bones and skin and hair,
 they say,
All come to use in some odd way.

This much I know, that cut with
 care
Her horns make combs to comb
 our hair.

Is it not true, pray tell me now,
That ve-ry use-ful is the cow ?

If cows are so use-ful to us,
ought we not to be kind to them ?
Yes, in-deed. But some boys forget this. One day I saw Ned and Tim hunt a poor cow for a long time. At last she was so tired that she was ready to drop. This was very cru-el. God gives us cows and sheep and horses to use, not to ill-use. If we ill-use them He will be an-gry with us.



green tarts ro-sy

green

tarts

ro-sy

bls-soms bigg-er

bls-soms

bigg-er

ap-ple ci-der

ap-ple

ci-der

pret-ty yel-low

pret-ty

yel-low

27. THE APPLE TREE.

That is an ap-ple tree. It is
one of the most use-ful trees in

the gar-den. Look at it in May and you will see lit-tle pink dots here and there. The pink dots will get bigger and bigger till they o-pen in-to pink blos-soms. The blos-soms look very pret-ty and smell ve-ry sweet, but it is not for them we grow the tree. Oh no! see what will come aft-er them. The blos-soms will fade and the pink leaves will fall off, but lit-tle ti-ny ap-ples will be left on the tree.

The lit-tle ti-ny ap-ples will grow and grow till they get to be big ap-ples. Some turn red and ro-sy, some turn yel-low, some keep green, but we have a use for all. Some are good to eat raw, some make nice tarts and pies, some are used to make ci-der.

book-case mo-ther

book-case

mo-ther

for-get be-hind

for-get

be-hind

fill-ed call-ed

fill-ed

call-ed

ta-ble smoke

ta-ble

smoke

28. OBEDIENCE.

“Mo-ther,” said Fred, “may I read that new book?” “Yes, my boy,” said the mo-ther, “but

you must put it in the book-case when you have done with it.”
“Very well,” said Fred. He took up the book, and his mother went out for a walk. When she came back Fred was at play in the garden. The book was lying open on the table.

The mother called the boy in. “I am coming,” said he. But he did not come. He took one more run up the garden. She called him once more, and then he ran in. But he left the door wide open. A puff of smoke came from the fire and filled the room. “Ah,” said the mother, “you forget the verse—

“ ‘Come when you are called,
Do as you are bid,
Shut the door behind you,
And you will not be chid.’ ”

weep-ing *think*

weep-ing

think

sad-ness *be-cause*

sad-ness

be-cause

some-times *grave*

some-times

grave

turn-ed *giv-en*

turn-ed

giv-en

ask-ed *sobb-ed*

ask-ed

sobb-ed

29. LOVE YOUR BROTHER.

I knew a lit-tle boy,
He very of-ten crept
In sad-ness to his bro-ther's grave
And laid him down and wept.

One day I ask-ed him why
He wept so long and sore,
And weep-ing still, he said, " Be-
cause
I did not love him more.

" Some-times I was not kind,
Some-times in anger spake "—
And then he turn-ed away and
sobbed
As if his heart would break.

Our bro-thers dear are giv-en
In mer-cy from a-bove ;
Oh ! may I oft-en think of this,
And nev-er fail in love.

heart

heart

liked

liked

birds

birds

o-ther

o-ther

bit-ter

bit-ter

be-ing

be-ing

hap-py

hap-py

sis-ter

sis-ter

grief

grief

first

first

30. LOVE YOUR BROTHER.

(Continued.)

May I be good and kind,
And love with all my heart,
Nor have to sigh with bit-ter
grief
If we are called to part.

Who are we to love first?
Fa-ther and mo-ther. And who
are we to love next? Sis-ter
and bro-ther. God puts love for
them in-to our heart. We must
show our love by be-ing kind to
them. This will make our love
grow more and more.

Rose and May were a good
pair of sis-ters. They used to
give way to each o-ther. They
used to try to make each o-ther
hap-py. And they were as
hap-py as two lit-tle birds.

yel-low love-ly

yel-low

love-ly

flow-er tu-lip

flow-er

tu-lip

cot-tage fin-ger

cot-tage

fin-ger

li-ly stand stems

li-ly

stand

stems

31. THE ROSE.

The tu-lip gay and li-ly white
Are very pret-ty to the sight,

But oh ! no flow-er on earth that
grows
Is half so love-ly as the rose.

Some roses are pale pink, some are deep red. Some are pure white, and some are yel-low. Some are so big, some so lit-tle. Some creep up the side of a cot-tage, and some stand on firm stems. Some roses bloom in May, some not till June or Ju-ly. But all are very fair to look at, and most of them smell sweet. So we call the rose the la-dy and queen of flow-ers.

But take care how you pick it. There is no rose with-out a thorn. You must look what you are a-bout when you pick roses, or you will prick your fin-ger.

noise their work

noise

their

work

hum-ming means

hum-ming

means

o-pen-ing ho-ney

o-pen-ing

ho-ney

flow-er un-der

flow-er

un-der

32. THE BEES.

What is that noise I hear in
the gar-den? Do you not know?

It is the hum-ming of the bees.
They live in that hive un-der the
wall, but they fly all over the
gar-den to do their work.

How doth the lit-tle bu-sy bee
Im-prove each shi-ning hour,
And ga-ther ho-ney all the day
From every o-pen-ing flow-er.

Yes! the bees are get-ting
ho-ney. And then they will
take it home and put it by in the
lit-tle cells of wax that they have
made to hold it.

Look at the bees out-side the
mouth of the hive! How ma-ny
there are! What does that
mean? It means that the hive
is too hot for them. It means
that they want a lit-tle more
room than they have got. What
will they do now?

queen

queen

a-way

a-way

cor-ner

cor-ner

swarm

swarm

soon

soon

spoon

spoon

set-tle

set-tle

sil-ver

sil-ver

half

half

worth

worth

33. THE BEES.

(Continued.)

What will the bees do now?
Why, the queen of the hive will
take a-way half of them to find
a new home. They will set-tle
on some tree or odd corner till
some-bo-dy sees them and puts
them in a hive.

We call this a swarm. I hope
our bees will swarm soon.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a sil-ver spoon ;
But one in Ju-ly
Is not worth a fly.

What will the bees do who are
left in the hive? They will have
a new queen to take care of
them.

no-ble

no-ble

wings

wings

break

break

a-lone

a-lone

gen-tle

gen-tle

med-dle

med-dle

stay

stay

*mate*mate

34. THE SWAN.

The swan is a fine no-ble bird.
I like to see a swan on the

wa-ter. I like to see him swim a-bout. He puts his neck back and holds up his wings, and sails on like a ship. If you let him a-lone he is very gen-tle. If you med-dle with him he may do you harm. He can give such a blow with his wing as to break your arm.

A pair of swans once flew to a lake some way from the home they lived in. One of them got a hurt and was not a-ble to fly back. It had to stay in the lake for a time. But it was not left there all alone. Its mate was too fond of it for that. No, its mate flew o-ver to see it day by day till it was well a-gain. When it was well and a-ble to fly, the two swans flew off side by side to their own home.

Dash *be-hind*

Dash

be-hind

al-ways *watch*

al-ways

watch

good *pain*

good

pain

head *tail*

head

tail

35. THE LITTLE DOG.

I will not hurt my lit-tle dog,
But I will pat his head ;
I like to see him wag his tail,
I like to see him fed.

My lit-tle Dash is ve-ry good,
And very use-ful too,
So good that he will al-ways mind
What he is told to do.

If I say, “ Dash, you must not
come,”

At once he stays be-hind ;
And what we leave for him to
watch

Is al-ways safe, we find.

Then I will nev-er hurt my dog,
Will nev-er give him pain ;
If I am kind to him all day
He will love me a-gain.

swal-low ma-ny

swal-low

ma-ny

co-lour win-ter

co-lour

win-ter

sum-mer verse

sum-mer

verse

coun-try warm-er

coun-try

warm-er

36. THE SWALLOW.

Did you ev-er see a swal-low?
It is a bird that I am very fond
of. He has no gay co-lour

a-bout him, but it is so pret-ty to see him dart over our heads on a fine day.

We love the swal-low for he tells us the sum-mer is not far off. We are told that one swal-low does not make a sum-mer. Very true, but if we see a good ma-ny swal-lows fly-ing a-bout we may be sure sum-mer has come, or will come soon.

Do the swal-lows stay here in win-ter? What does the verse say?—

The north wind doth blow, and
we shall have snow,

And what will the swal-low do
then, poor thing?

Oh, do you not know, he is gone
long a-go

To a coun-try much warm-er
than ours, poor thing!

field

field

won-der

won-der

bu-sy

bu-sy

hop-ping

hop-ping

gar-den

gar-den

brown

brown

trim

trim

*much*much

37. THE ROBIN.

We all love the rob-in, do we not? And no wonder. He is such a trim gay lit-tle bird, in his neat brown coat and red vest.

And how good he was to the poor babes in the wood! They pined a-way and di-ed, and then the rob-ins came and put green leaves o-ver them!

In sum-mer, to be sure, we do not see much of the rob-ins. They are bu-sy with the lit-tle ones. I dare say they are not far off, but we have not much to do with them then. When winter has come and oth-er birds are gone away, we hear the rob-in's low soft song. Then we see them hop-ping a-bout us. Then they look at us with their dark eyes. When snow and cold come, and the rob-ins can get no food in the gar-den and field, they grow tame in-deed. They come up to our door and take the bits we give them. Come, let us feed them now.

taken aft-er meat

taken

aft-er

meat

spar-row love-d

spar-row

love-d

win-dow lone-ly

win-dow

lone-ly

stay-ed mas-ter

stay-ed

mas-ter

38. THE SICK MAN AND THE
SPARROW.

A poor man was once taken ill,
and had to lie in bed for a long

time. His wife went out to work, so he was left a-lone day aft-er day. He felt very lone-ly and sad.

One day a boy came in to see him with a spar-row in his hand. The sick man look-ed at the bird. He gave it a bit of meat. The bird ate the meat and the man look-ed very glad. "I will give you the bird if you like," said the boy.

So the lit-tle bird was left with the sick man. It was his pet. He loved it, and the bird loved him. The man did not put it in a cage, but let it fly a-bout. It went out of the win-dow if it liked. It nev-er stay-ed a-way very long. It used to fly back very soon to its dear mas-ter. Oh, how glad the poor man was to see it come back to him !

turn-ed

turn-ed

used

used

hap-py

hap-py

miss-ed

miss-ed

a-gain

a-gain

*liked*liked

39. THE SICK MAN AND THE SPARROW.

(Continued.)

The man ti-ed a lit-tle bell to the neck of his pet. The bird got used to the bell and liked it. One day the bird flew out of the

win-dow. It had done so ve-ry of-ten, but this time it did not come back. His mas-ter lay with his eyes turn-ed to the win-dow, but no lit-tle bird flew in. Why was this ?

A boy had taken the poor bird. He had cut off its bell and shut it up in a cage. The bird did not like this at all. For two long days it was shut up. Then the door was left open. It flew out and came home. How glad it was to see its mas-ter ! How glad the sick man was to see his pet ! But the bird miss-ed its bell. It did not eat one bit till a new bell had been put on its neck. Then it was hap-py once more. It kept near its mas-ter for a long time. He never lost it a-gain. The bird stay-ed with him all the rest of his life.

glo-ri-ous *ear-ly*

glo-ri-ous

ear-ly

break-ing *night*

break-ing

night

hid-den *can-not*

hid-den

can-not

morn-ing *lar-ger*

morn-ing

lar-ger

40. MORNING.

How dark it is! Yes, the night
has hard-ly gone a-way. It is
ear-ly morn-ing. In what part

of the sky must we look for the sun? To the east. Yes, that is right. Do you not see a lit-tle line of light now in the east? Yes, I do. As we look it gets lar-ger and lar-ger. Now we can-not see one sin-gle star. All are hid-den. The sky is red and ro-sy. At last the sun gets up. We can see his glad smi-ling face.

Now the long, long night is done
Comes a-gain the glo-ri-ous sun,
Crim-son clouds and sil-ver white
Wait up-on his break-ing light.

And now what must we do?

When the east-ern sky is red
I too lift my lit-tle head;
When the lark sings loud and
 gay
I too rise to praise and pray.

e-ven-ing sun-set

e-ven-ing

sun-set

dark-ness kneel

dark-ness

kneel

daz-zle gath-ers

daz-zle

gath-ers

beasts

cloud

beasts

cloud

41. EVENING.

It is e-ven-ing. The sun is near
the west. We can look at it

now. It will not daz-zle our eyes now. How pret-ty the sun-set is! This cloud is pink, and that one is deep red. The sun glows a-mong them. He is go-ing a-way. He is gone.

Now the dark-ness ga-thers,
Stars be-gin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be a-sleep.

And we are tired with our work and our play—we want to go to sleep too. But what must we do be-fore we go to bed? We must kneel down and pray to God. We must ask Him to take care of us all night.

O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the com-ing night.

tap-ping *chill*

tap-ping

chill

sun-ny *hun-gry*

sun-ny

hun-gry

win-dow *store*

win-dow

store

found *im-plore*

found

im-plore

faint *tast-ed*

faint

tast-ed

42. THE LITTLE BEGGARS.

Deep lies on earth the win-ter
snow,

And cold the winds of win-ter
blow ;

The birds are tap-ping on the
pane,

We must not let them tap in
vain.

In field, in gar-den, and in wood,
The birds have looked but found
no food.

And now they tap, as if to say,
“ We have not tasted food to-day ;
We come here hungry, faint, and
chill,

To beg be-side your win-dow sill,
Your help and pity to im-plore.

Oh, give us, give us of your store !
And in the sun-ny days of spring
A lit-tle song to you we 'll sing.”

ra-ven *rab-bits*

ra-ven

rab-bits

ra-ther *sto-ry*

ra-ther

sto-ry

al-most *peck-ed*

al-most

peck-ed

part-ed *sta-ble*

part-ed


sta-ble

43. THE RAVEN AND THE DOG.

What sort of bird is the ra-ven?
It is ra-ther like a crow, on-ly it

is much lar-ger. The ra-ven is a bird of prey. It kills and eats rab-bits and hares when they are lit-tle, as well as lit-tle birds. But if you tame a ra-ven it will grow fond of you. 'I have been told this sto-ry a-bout a ra-ven :—

A ra-ven and a dog liv-ed in the same yard, and the ra-ven got ve-ry fond of the dog. The dog hurt its leg, so it had to lie on some hay in the sta-ble. The ra-ven used to car-ry him all the bones that came in his way, and to stay with him. One e-ven-ing the sta-ble door was shut when the ra-ven was out-side. What did the ra-ven do now he was part-ed from the dog? He peck-ed at the door all night and al-most made a hole in it.



sure

sure

right

right

there

there

mice

mice

kill-ed

kill-ed

won-der

won-der

coop

coop

found


found

44. THE OWLS AND THEIR LITTLE
ONE.

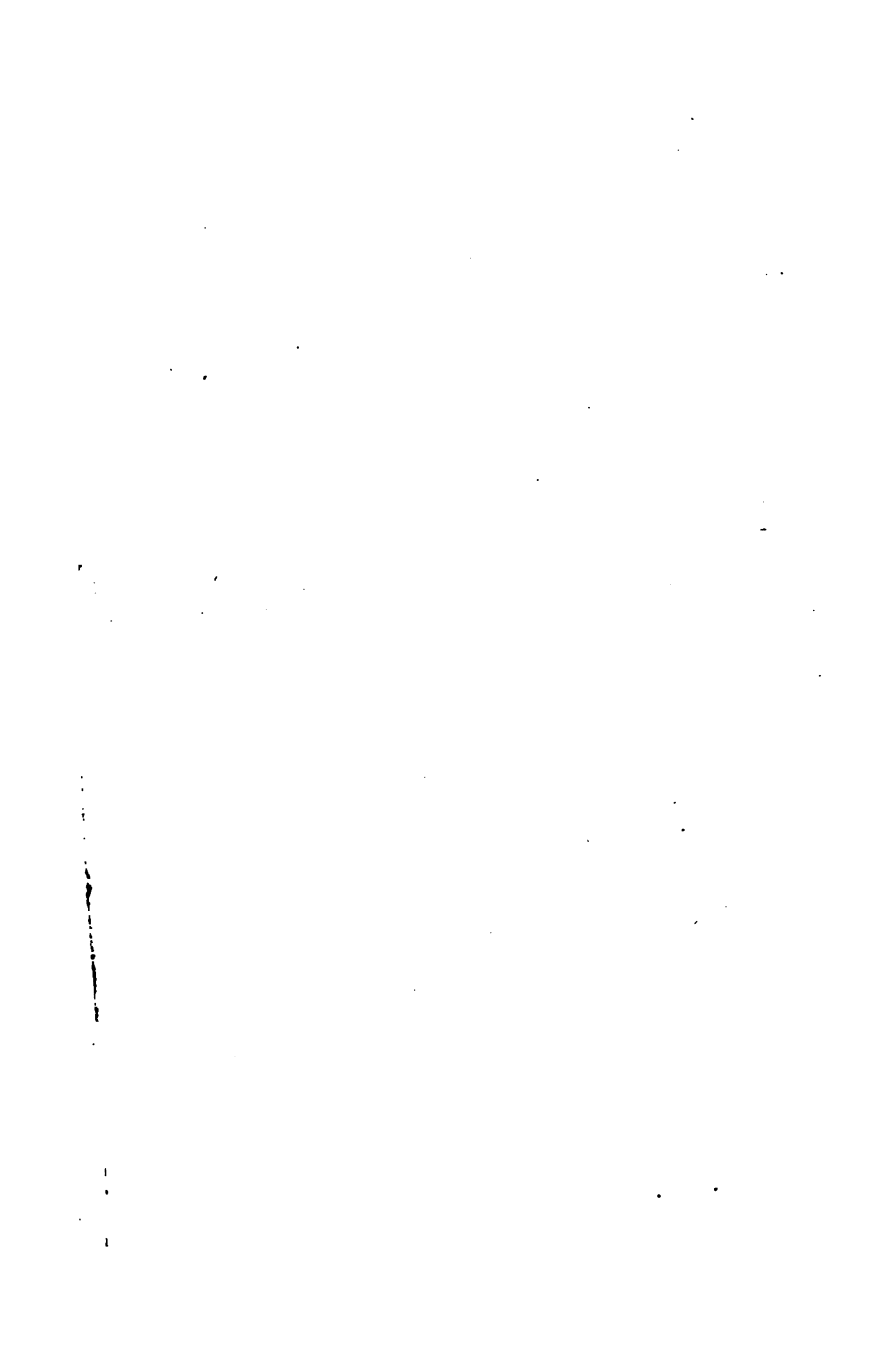
Two owls made a nest in a rock
at the top of a hill. They liv-ed

in it with their lit-tle owls. One lit-tle owl got out of the nest and lost his way. A man pick-ed it up and took it to his home at the foot of the hill. He then put the lit-tle owl in a hencoop in his yard.

The next day he went to see the owl. What did he find at the door of the coop? A fine fat bird just kill-ed. He did so won-der how it got there. The next day two mice were ly-ing there, and the day after a lit-tle rab-bit. The man was now sure that the old owls had found out the young owl in the coop. He was sure that the food came from them. And he was right. The old owls fed the young owl in the coop till it was a big bird.







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